

THE DEADLY NICOTINE.

It is well known to expert chemists that nicotine, the oily liquid alkaloid found in tobacco, is as intensely poisonous as the deadly prussic acid. Yet men will continue to use tobacco in various forms, taking this poison into their system, which in many cases, according to trustworthy medical testimony, causes death. Death reported as due to heart failure would be more correctly reported in many instances as due to what is called "tobacco heart." Recently the secular press told of how a Methodist minister of Cadillac, Michigan, illustrated an address in a very impressive way against the use of tobacco. After making a strong argument against tobacco habit he called upon a doctor present to illustrate the points made, who killed two cats with nicotine in the pulpit. The first cat was killed in ninety seconds by three drops of nicotine placed on its tongue. To the second one two drops were first administered to show the spasms and sickness incident to the first use of tobacco. Then two drops more were administered, under which the cat died in a minute and three quarters. What a shame and sin it is that intelligent beings, whose bodies were made to be the temples of the Holy Ghost, will defile, weaken, and poison them, and even destroy prematurely, by the use of tobacco! Such a demonstration of its pernicious influence as that herein cited should lead every Christian, at least, to abandon its use now, and to conscientiously abstain from it forever.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

What a man gives out, not what he keeps, determines his appearance in the eyes of the world. Beauty, brightness, color, consists not in what a thing keeps, but what it gives out. A well known law of optics teaches us that a thing is seen, not in the color which it takes in and keeps, but in that color which it gives back again. The thing that we call red is the one which is, in one sense, blue; that is, it takes in the blue rays and keeps them for itself, but gives back the red ones in color. Gold has kept all the green rays and gives back the yellow ones, so we think it is yellow. The object which we call black takes in every ray of light, and keeps them for itself, and we have strikingly enough seen it in the symbol of all evil. The object which we call white keeps nothing of the sun's rays, but gives them all out again, and we have seen in it the symbol of all good. So a man is seen and known, not by what he receives and keeps for himself, but for what he gives forth to others. The rich man who keeps everything for himself is seen and known

to be a poor, mean man. The wise man who holds haughtily his learning to himself will, in the judgment of men, be very apt to seem a proud fool.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured
forth;

For life's strength standeth in life's sacrifice,
And whoso gives the most has most to give."

—*Sunday-school Times.*

FAMOUS FARMER BOYS.

There are some people foolish enough to laugh at the homely virtues of a farm life. They are fortunately few, and they are fortunately growing fewer. But it is well sometimes to look at the list of great men who came up from the farm—not all of them, for that would fill a thousand volumes; but some of the most able ones that flash into mind in a moment. Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great offices of the nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields, says the *Kansas City Times*. For example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Harrison, Hayes, Blaine, and many others equally conspicuous in current events of living memory. Among journalists, Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Murat Halstead was born and lived on a farm in Ohio. W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town and early engaged in the business of ship chandlery. Russell Sage was born in a New York village. Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York state. Whitier and Howell spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list yourself, and see how long it will become—*Young Men's Era*.

AN OPEN SECRET.

When Mr. Moody was holding his great meetings in Boston and no hall in the city was large enough to hold the audiences that assembled at many of the services, a man was heard to say to another man as they came out of Tremont Temple together after one of the meetings:

"Well, I don't understand the secret of Mr. Moody's power. He didn't say anything that I haven't heard over and over again, and it didn't seem to me that he said it in any particularly eloquent way, and yet the great audience listened with almost breathless attention. I do not understand the secret of his power."

"You would understand it if you could see his Bible," replied the other gentleman.

"His Bible? Is it different from any other Bible?"

"It is different from the Bibles of many

Christians in that it shows signs of daily, almost hourly use. Nearly every page has some note or something beautiful written on the margin. It is a Bible that has been read until its owner knows it better than he knows any other book in the world. I, too, used to wonder at the secret of Mr. Moody's power, but I have wondered no more since I have seen his Bible."

This is an open secret that all may know. If you want spiritual power for your own right living and that you may speak with power to others, read your Bible, study your Bible, love your Bible, as Mr. Moody reads and studies and loves his Bible, and power will be given to you.

"It is the great heart of the man. It is his absolute and unquestioned sincerity that attracts and holds and converts people," said a minister who was speaking of Mr. Moody and his work, and all that he is and all that he does is due to his Bible. This is the secret of his power.—*Forward*.

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

He had lost all respectability, and was a common drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the doctor laid his hands on his shoulders, and said, "Jim, I wish you would give up the drink." There was something like a quiver on the man's lips as he answered, "If I thought you cared, I would; but there is a gulf between you and me." "Have I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you haven't." "If you had been a millionaire could I have treated you more like a gentleman?" No, you couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There were tears in the eyes of the man now. "I do care, Jim," with a tender little emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live; here's my hand on it." This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is today a respectable and respected man, and an earnest Christian.—*Scottish Reformer*.

THE HELPING HAND.

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure